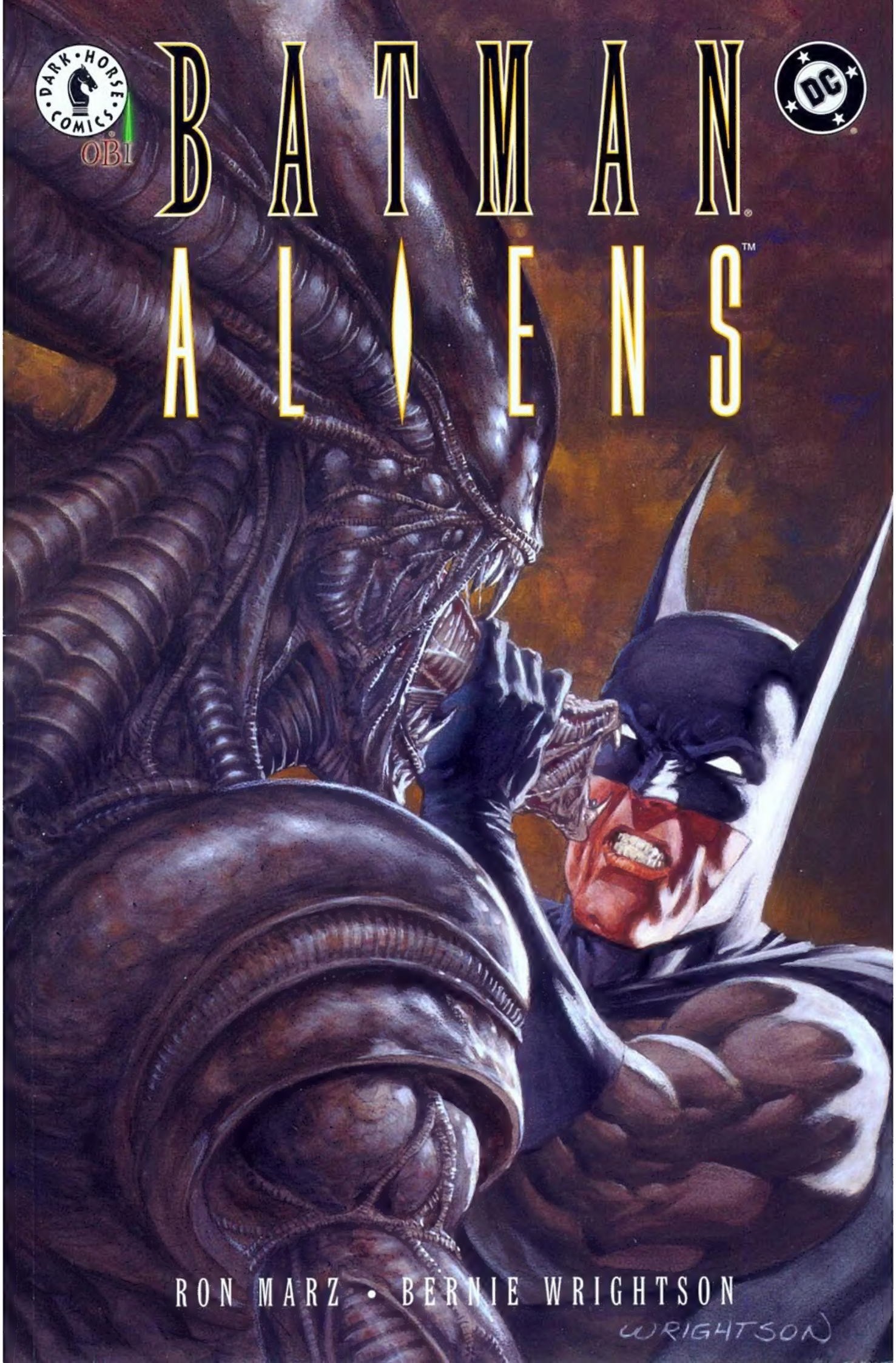
DARK HORSE COMICS
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SPECIAL THANKS TO ALYCE RAEFORD, CINDY IRWIN, AND GABRIEL SAURO.

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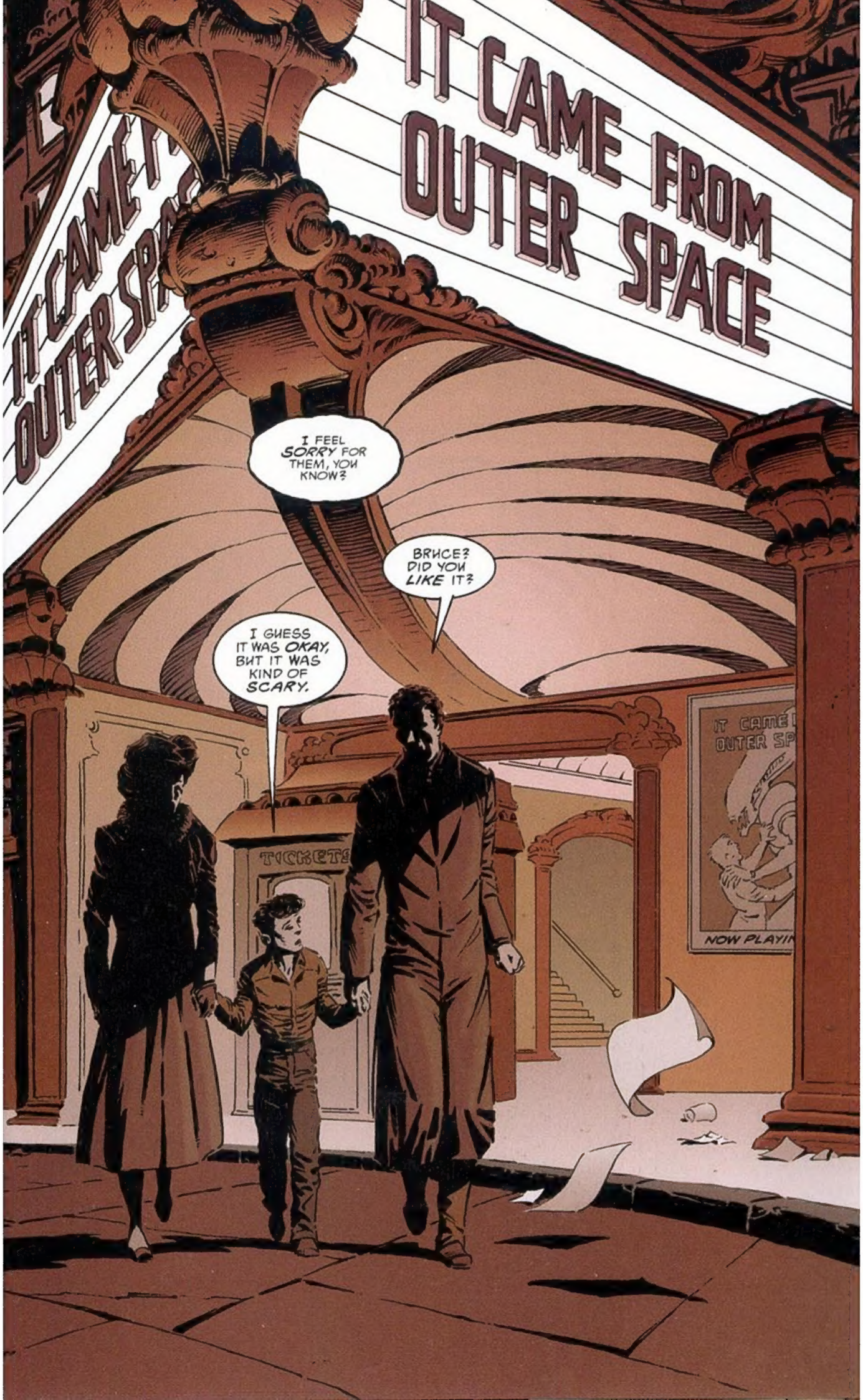

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE
I FEEL SORRY FOR THEM, YOU KNOW?
BRUCE? DID YOU LIKE IT?
I GUESS IT WAS OKAY, BUT IT WAS KIND OF SCARY.
TICKETS
NOW PLAYIN

AME FRUM
ER SPACE
I WOULD RATHER HAVE SEEN ZORRO LIKE WE PLANNED.
MAYBE NEXT TIME.
COME ALONG, SON, WE NEED TO BE GETTING HOME NOW.
WHAT MUST THEY HAVE THOUGHT, FINDING HIM WITH AN EIGHT-INCH HOLE BLOWN OUT OF HIS CHEST?
WHERE...
...WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
A SHORT CUT, BRUCE. WE'RE TAKING A SHORT CUT.
I DON'T THINK I WANT TO GO THIS WAY. IT'S DARK.
SCARY.
IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, BRUCE.
IT'S ONLY THE MOVIE. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE AFRAID.
THEY SUSPECTED... SOMETHING. BUT ANYTHING EVEN CLOSE TO WHAT WAS ON THAT SHIP WITH THEM?
BUT I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO YOU. YOU AND DADDY.
NO, BRUCE, NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN. I PROMISE.
THERE'S NOTHING AT NIGHT THAT ISN'T HERE DURING THE DAY. IT'S JUST--
--THOMAS?
THOMAS, WHAT IS IT?!
MMF--
MNGF!
NOT IN THEIR DARKEST NIGHTMARES.
IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THEY PROBABLY WENT LOOKING FOR IT. SEEMS LIKE SUCH A PATHETIC THING TO DO.

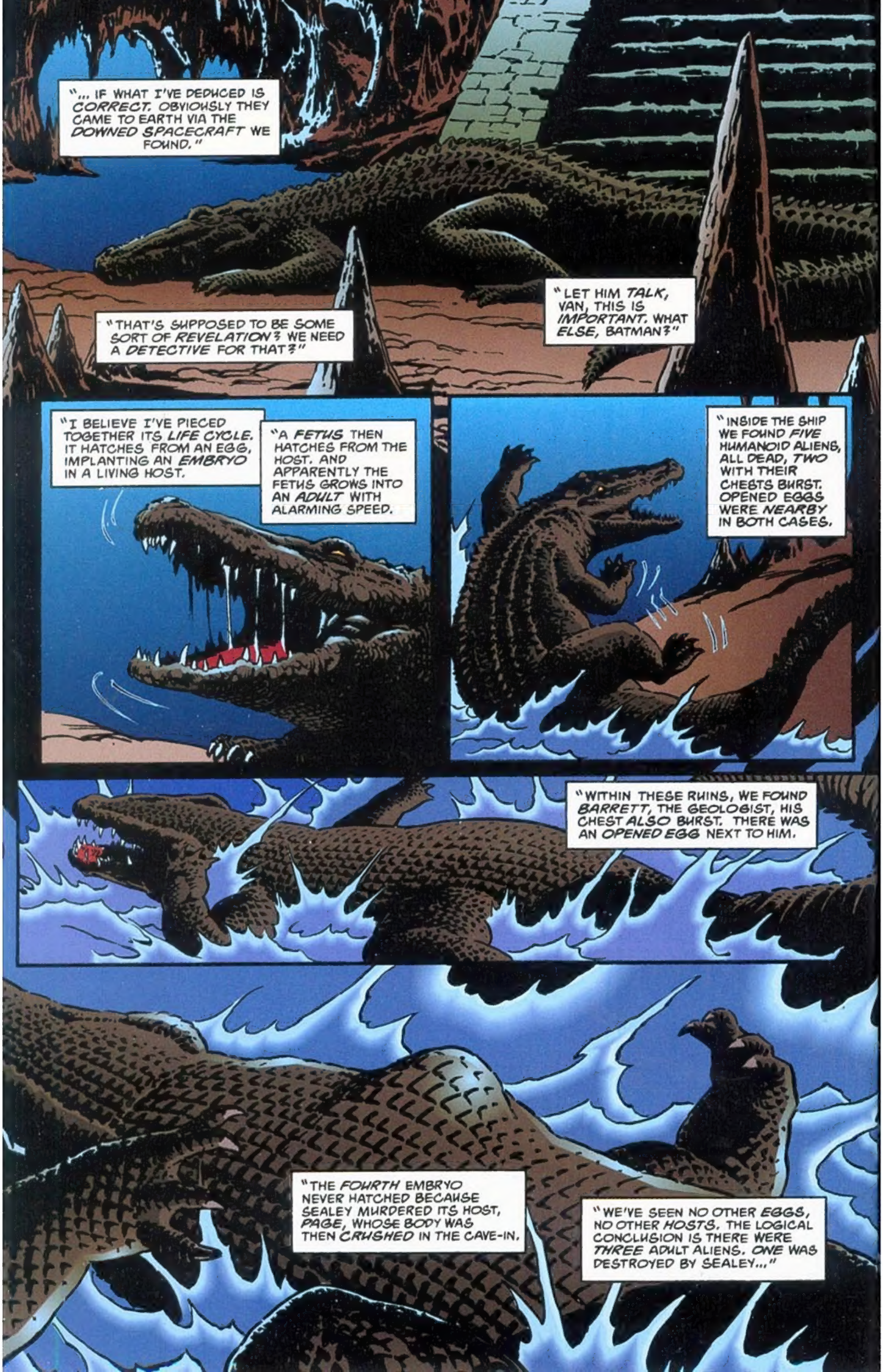
I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU, DADDY!
THIS IS A BAD PLACE! DADDY...
I'M SURE IT FOUND THEM.
...PLEASE.
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT IT'S LIKE, CATCHING SIGHT OF ONE FOR THE FIRST TIME.
THOUGH I SUPPOSE IF YOU'RE LISTENING TO THIS, YOU ALREADY KNOW WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE.
DAMN IT! I WANT TO SEE MY WIFE AGAIN...
MOMMY, HELP HIM!
NNN--
-UGHH!
MOMMY!
I THINK... I THINK I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

GYAAGH!
IT'S HARD TO... CONCENTRATE... BUT YOU NEED TO KNOW THIS, AS MUCH AS I CAN TELL.
SKEEK
SO WHAT WAS I...? YES, SEEING ONE.
CLIK
CLAK
TIC
CLAK
AND SEEING WHAT IT DOES, MAYBE THEN THEY BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND.
Muh...
...Muh...
...MOMMY...
I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN IT DIDN'T KILL THEM, NOT ALL OF THEM, NOT RIGHT AWAY.

...DON'T LEAVE ME...
IT TOOK AT LEAST ONE FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.
...I'M SORRY...
IT'S SOME SORT OF SPECIES IMPERATIVE.
...SO SORRY...
...NO!
EVERYTHING THEY ARE, EVERYTHING THEY DO, IS DESIGNED TO PROPAGATE THE RACE.

NO.
NOT A COMFORTING THOUGHT, IS--
WHAT?! WHAT IS IT?
I GUESS YOU'RE HUMAN AFTER ALL.
SORRY?
YOU'RE HUMAN AFTER ALL, YOU SLEPT.
BAD DREAMS?
KLIK
NO.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE SLEPT. I APOLOGIZE.
WE CAN'T AFFORD DELAYS IF WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE.

WELL, IF YOU GOT ANY IDEAS, I'M ALL FOR HEARING THEM. NOT LIKE WE GOT A REAL BRIGHT OUTLOOK HERE.
SEALEY AND GANTRY AND PAGE ARE CROAKED, WE GOT ZIP FOR SUPPLIES, WE'RE TRAPPED 'CAUSE OF THE CAVE-IN BEHIND US.
AND MY ARM'S ALL SCREWED UP.
I MEAN, THOSE THINGS ARE OUT THERE, MAN, AND WE HARDLY GOT ANY FIREPOWER. THAT'S RIGHT, AIN'T IT, HYATT?
MORE OR LESS.
WE'VE GOT YOUR RIFLE, VAN, AND WHATEVER CLIPS YOU'VE GOT LEFT. THERE ARE A COUPLE OF EXTRA MAGAZINES FOR MY AUTOMATIC AND MY .45.
THAT'S IT.
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ONE? I THINK YOU'LL BE NEEDING IT BEFORE THIS IS OVER.
NO. THANK YOU.
SUIT YOURSELF. HOPE YOU DON'T COME TO REGRET IT.
NEVER THOUGHT I'D BUY IT-- GETTING MY FACE EATEN OFF BY SOME FREAKIN' SPACE BUG. CATCH A BULLET, WHATEVER, YEAH...
...BUT NOT THIS.
THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY, VAN DERPOOL. DON'T LOSE HOPE.
CRIPES, WHO ARE YOU--LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE?
DON'T YOU GET IT? THERE COULD BE DOZENS OF THOSE THINGS DOWN HERE.
THE EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THERE ARE ONLY THE TWO OF THEM...

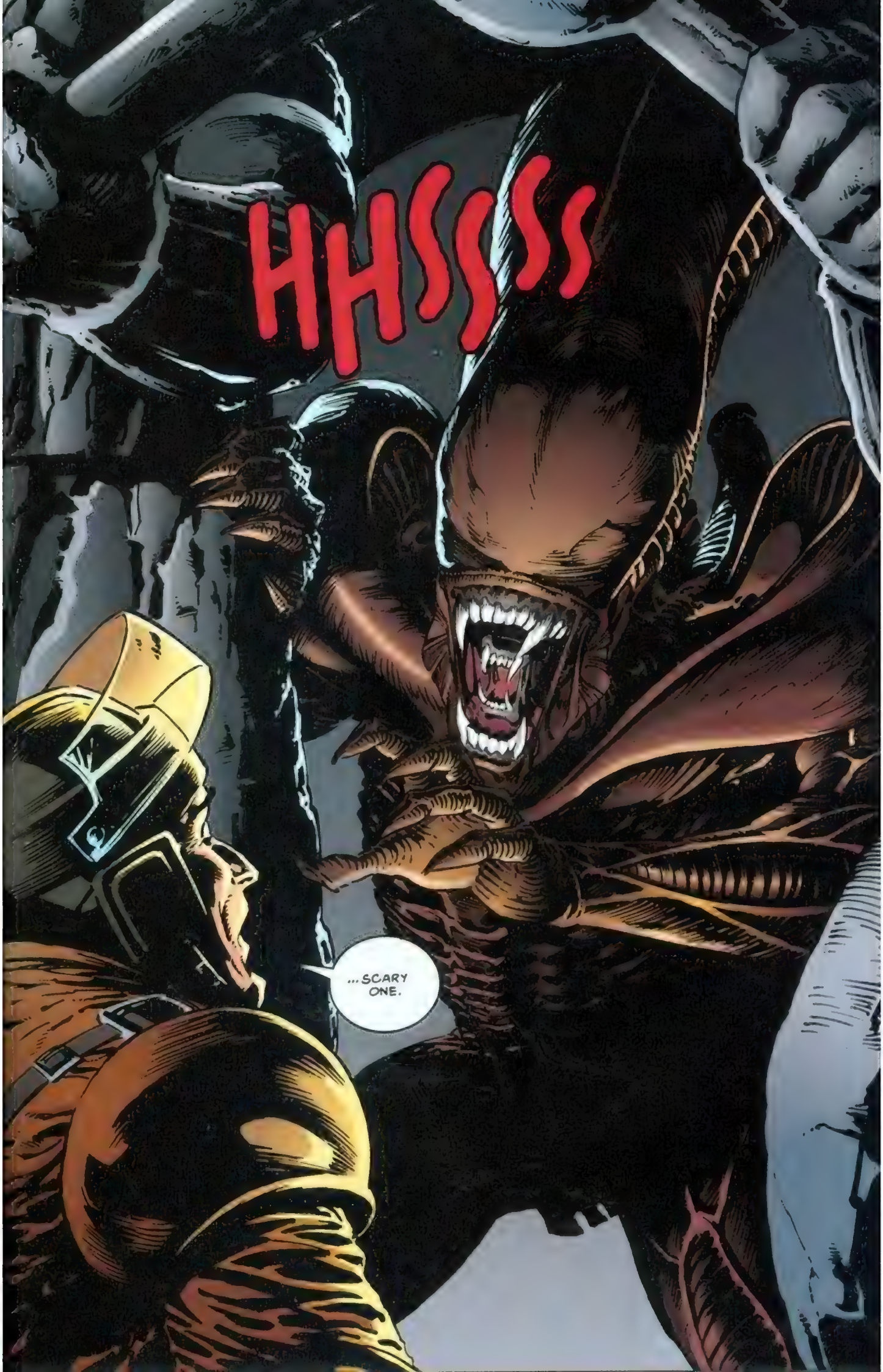

"... IF WHAT I'VE DEDUCED IS CORRECT. OBVIOUSLY THEY CAME TO EARTH VIA THE DOWNED SPACECRAFT WE FOUND."
"THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE SOME SORT OF REVELATION? WE NEED A DETECTIVE FOR THAT?"
"LET HIM TALK, VAN, THIS IS IMPORTANT. WHAT ELSE, BATMAN?"
"I BELIEVE I'VE PIECED TOGETHER ITS LIFE CYCLE. IT HATCHES FROM AN EGG, IMPLANTING AN EMBRYO IN A LIVING HOST.
"A FETUS THEN HATCHES FROM THE HOST. AND APPARENTLY THE FETUS GROWS INTO AN ADULT WITH ALARMING SPEED.
"INSIDE THE SHIP WE FOUND FIVE HUMANOID ALIENS, ALL DEAD, TWO WITH THEIR CHESTS BURST. OPENED EGGS WERE NEARBY IN BOTH CASES.
"WITHIN THESE RUINS, WE FOUND BARRETT, THE GEOLOGIST, HIS CHEST ALSO BURST. THERE WAS AN OPENED EGG NEXT TO HIM.
"THE FOURTH EMBRYO NEVER HATCHED BECAUSE SEALEY MURDERED ITS HOST, PAGE, WHOSE BODY WAS THEN CRUSHED IN THE CAVE-IN.
"WE'VE SEEN NO OTHER EGGS, NO OTHER HOSTS. THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION IS THERE WERE THREE ADULT ALIENS. ONE WAS DESTROYED BY SEALEY..."

... LEAVING ONLY TWO LIVING SPECIMENS.
THAT'S GREAT. MAKES ME FEEL A LOT BETTER.
WHEN ONE OF YOUR LIVING SPECIMENS GRABS ME, I'LL SAY, "GEE, I'M FAMILIAR WITH YOUR LIFE CYCLE." THEN IT'LL RIP ME IN HALF.
TWO OR TWO HUNDRED, IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE...
... 'CAUSE WE STILL GOT NO WAY OUTTA HERE.
THE BATS.
THEY'RE FLYING DEEPER INTO THE COMPLEX. THEY HAVE BEEN SINCE WE ENTERED THE RUINS, EVEN BEFORE THE CAVE-IN.
THEY MUST BE HEADING TOWARD ANOTHER SURFACE ACCESS.
ANOTHER EXIT.
SKWEEE
THIS WAY.

GUY'S FOLLOWING BATS, HYATT. YOU THINK THIS IS ACTUALLY GONNA WORK?
MAYBE HE'S LOST IT, YOU THINK OF THAT? OR MAYBE HE WAS NUTS TO START WITH. WE COULD BE FOLLOWING A CRAZY MAN.
SHUT UP, VAN.
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT IT ALWAYS IS. "SHUT UP, VAN."
NOBODY EVER WANTS TO --
--oh.
WHAT'S... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
HIEROGLYPHICS.
YOU CAN ACTUALLY UNDERSTAND THIS STUFF?
THE MAYAN WRITING SYSTEM WAS UNUSUALLY SOPHISTICATED.
EIGHT HUNDRED DIFFERENT SYMBOLS, EACH OF THOSE WITH VARIOUS SIMPLE AND COMPLEX FORMS.

IT WAS ALL VIRTUALLY UNDECIPHERED UNTIL ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO. I'VE STUDIED WHAT TRANSLATIONS HAVE BEEN DONE.
AND THIS? CAN YOU READ ANY OF IT?
IT'S MORE LIKE INTERPRETING AN ART FORM, VISUAL POETRY.
WE HERE TO READ THE DAMN WALLS OR FIND A WAY OUT? WE'RE WASTING TIME.
HEY, YOU TWO EVEN LISTENING TO ME? HYATT?
THEY DESCRIBE A SECRET PLACE OF RELIGIOUS IMPORTANCE. A CAVERN OR GROTTO.
WE'RE HEADING TOWARD IT.
COME ON, COME ON, LET'S JUST GO!
THEY COULD BE WATCHING US NOW, SIZING US UP. WE SHOULD KEEP MOVING.
THERE'S SOME KIND OF SACRIFICIAL AREA. SOMETHING ABOUT FIRE. I CAN'T MAKE OUT--
AAH!
MY HAND!
I PUT MY HAND IN SOMETH--

--mmff.
I DON'T KNOW IF THE ALIENS CAN HEAR, BUT I'M NOT WILLING TO TAKE THE CHANCE.
QUIET.
IT'S THE RESIDUE THEY LEAVE BEHIND. I FOUND THE SAME SUBSTANCE IN THE SHIP.
HARMLESS AS FAR AS I CAN TELL. BUT IT MEANS THEY'VE BEEN THIS DEEP INTO THE RUIN COMPLEX.
PROBABLY RECENTLY.
SO...
...SO THEY'VE BEEN THIS FAR? FOR SURE?
WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS, VAN. DON'T FREEZE UP. STAY ALERT AND YOU'LL STAY ALIVE.
HERE, LET ME... HOLD STILL!
OKAY.
YEAH...
...YEAH. I BELIEVE YOU. I DO.
WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.
AND THE STUFF YOU DECIPHERED, IT SAID WE'RE GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. SO WE'RE IN GOOD SHAPE, RIGHT?
LOOKED BAD FOR A WHILE, BUT WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT. YEAH.
GONNA SURVIVE ANOTHER ONE, HYATT.
AIN'T EVEN THE HAIRIEST SPOT WE'VE BEEN IN.
HYATT, YOU REMEMBER PERU? NOW THAT WAS A...


HHSSSSs
...SCARY ONE.

Nnh...
...nuh...
...nuh...
HHSSSS
SKREE
MOVE, VAN DERPOOL!
FWUMPH

DOWN!
BLAM
Ah...
AHH!
SSSSSSSS
MY HELMET! I NEED MY--
YOU NEED YOUR SKULL MORE! NOW MOVE!
GET TO THE--
HSSSSS
--GHK!

KEEP IT IN ONE PLACE, BATMAN...
... I'LL SPLATTER THE SUCKER!
VAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
BRAKA BRAKA
Huh?! WHY'RE--
STOP IT! STOP FIRING!
LET GO, HYATT! NO!! WE GOTTA FIGHT!
KEEP SHOOTING WILDLY AND YOU'LL HIT--
HSSSS
-- ah.

THE OTHER ONE.
THEY'RE BOTH HERE!
KLIK
KLIK
HYATT!
VAN, GET YOURSELF CLEAR! WE'LL COME TO YOU!
RUN!
uh-huh...
...YEAH...
...RUN, GET MYSELF CLEAR...
...GOOD...
HSSSSSS
NNF!

HOLD ON.
KLIK
KA-WHOOM
DOWN...
... THEN BREAK FOR THE CORRIDOR...

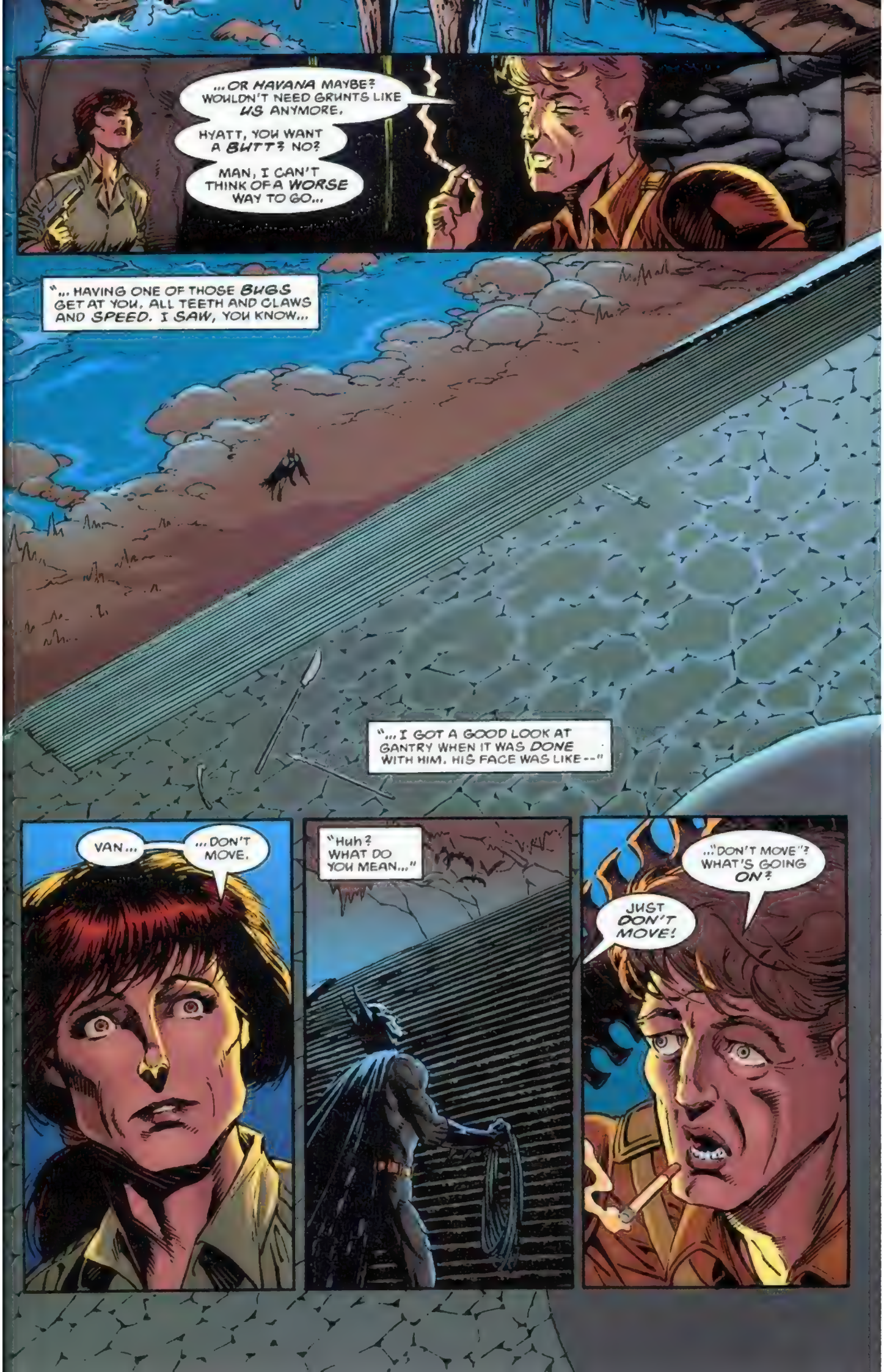
HSSS
... WHILE I DISTRACT THE OTHER.
GO! GO!
HNF--
HHSSSSSS
NNF!
HSSSSSSSS
SKREEE
KKRRRUNCH

HSSSS
SNAP!
IT'S STILL ALIVE, ISN'T IT...
...THERE'S ONE LEFT?
I'M AFRAID SO.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THANKS TO YOU, THAT'S TWICE YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
CHA-CHACK!
PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE AN ITEM.
WE NEED TO KEEP FOLLOWING THE BATS.
VAN'S UP AHEAD.

VAN DERPOOL, YOU'RE UNHURT?
MY HELMET. I LOST MY HELMET.
YOU! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WELL... YEAH, SURE. WOULDN'T BE HERE WITHOUT YOU. THING WOULD'VE SNUFFED ME FOR SURE, YOU KNOW?
LET'S GO.
IF I INTERPRETED THE HEIROGLYPHICS CORRECTLY, THE ROOM WE JUST LEFT WAS A PREPARATION AREA FOR SACRIFICIAL CEREMONIES.
WE SHOULD BE GETTING CLOSE TO OUR WAY OUT.
WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE, HYATT? I HEARD AN EXPLOSION UP HERE AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
DID HE KILL BOTH THOSE THINGS?
ONLY ONE, BUT IT CAN'T GET TO US. THE CORRIDOR'S SEALED OFF.
I'LL DESTROY THE REMAINING ALIEN ONCE I'VE GOTTEN YOU TO SAFETY. SOMETHING THIS DEADLY CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE...
...OR FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
IT MIGHT BE BEST TO LEVEL THE WHOLE SITE WITH AN AIR STRIKE.
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. BLOW IT TO HELL, RIGHT, HYATT?
HYATT?
WHAT? WHAT'D I SAY NOW?
COME ON, WHAT'S WITH YOU?
WOMEN.
THIS IS IT.

LOOK AT THIS PLACE. THIS IS AMAZING.
UP THERE, THAT'S OUR WAY OUT.
"THAT? THAT HOLE? YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO REACH THAT..."
...ESPECIALLY ME! HOW'M I SUPPOSED TO CLIMB UP THERE WITH MY ARM LIKE IT IS?
I'LL CARRY YOU IF I HAVE TO.
I'M GOING TO GO SECURE A LINE. BOTH OF YOU WAIT HERE.
SURE, WHATEVER.

THINK WE'LL GET DECORATED FOR THIS?
UH-HUH, THAT'S WHAT THEY USUALLY DO...
"...WHEN YOU LOSE THREE-FIFTHS OF YOUR SQUAD AND COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED. I SEE BIG MEDALS, VAN. BIG ONES."
WELL... WHATEVER. I'M JUST HAPPY TO BE ALIVE.
THOSE THINGS...
"... THEY'RE JUST KILLING MACHINES IS WHAT THEY ARE. TURN SOME OF THEM LOOSE IN BAGHDAD..."
THIS IS SWEET, HYATT.
AN HOUR AGO, I MEAN, I REALLY THOUGHT WE WERE DEAD. ALL OF US, EVEN HIM. BUT WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT.


...OR HAVANA MAYBE? WOULDN'T NEED GRUNTS LIKE US ANYMORE.
HYATT, YOU WANT A BUTT? NO?
MAN, I CAN'T THINK OF A WORSE WAY TO GO...
"... HAVING ONE OF THOSE BUGS GET AT YOU, ALL TEETH AND CLAWS AND SPEED. I SAW, YOU KNOW...
"... I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT GANTRY WHEN IT WAS DONE WITH HIM. HIS FACE WAS LIKE--"
VAN...
...DON'T MOVE.
"Huh? WHAT DO YOU MEAN..."
..."DON'T MOVE"? WHAT'S GOING ON?
JUST DON'T MOVE!

NNNAH!
HHSSSSS
HYATT, HELP ME!
FOR GOD'S SAKE...
...SHOOT!
GAHK!
SHOOT!
AAGHH!
...GHHGH...
...PLEASE, HYATT...
...HELP ...ME...
BLAM! BLAM!

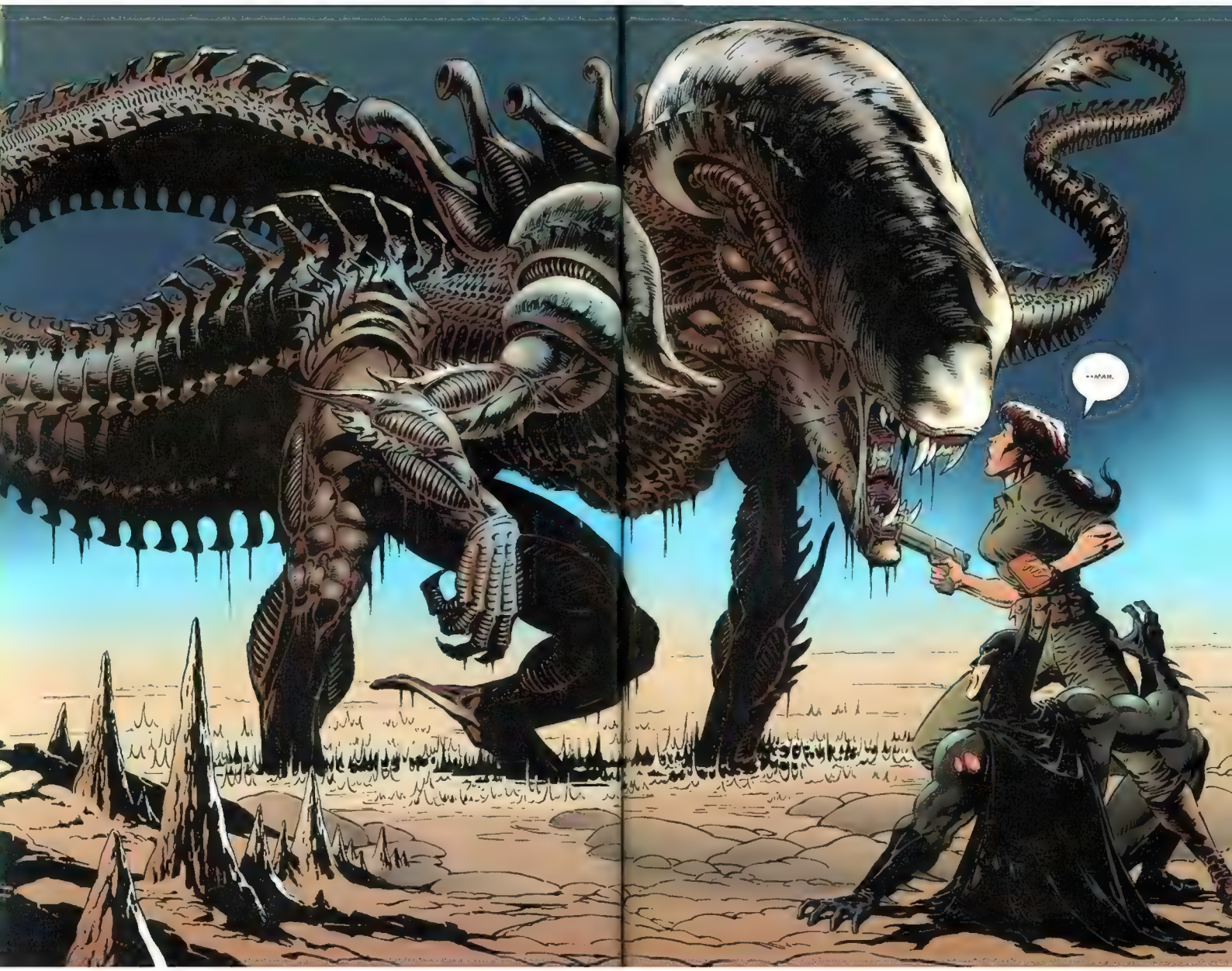
BLAM!

HYATT? WHERE'S VAN?
Ang...
...guh...
...ghd...
HYATT!
GET HOLD OF YOURSELF! WHERE'S VAN?!
Guh-GONE...
...TAKEN AWAY. ALIEN CAME AND TOOK HIM AWAY.
MUST'VE GOTTEN AROUND THE BLOCKADE...
... DRAGGED HIM AWAY...
... INTO THE DARK...
I'LL FIND HIM.
NO!
NO. HE'S DEAD. THEY BOTH ARE.
THE THING, IT KILLED VAN, BUT I SHOT--I HIT IT. I KNOW I HIT IT. IT MUST BE DEAD.
DON'T LEAVE ME. I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE.
THEY'RE GONE, THEY'RE BOTH DEAD, AND I DON'T WANT TO END UP THAT WAY, PLEASE...
... JUST TAKE ME AWAY...
YOU'RE SURE VAN AND THE ALIEN ARE DEAD? YOU'RE POSITIVE?
I'M A SOLDIER. I KNOW WHAT DEAD IS. I SWEAR, BOTH OF THEM.
I SWEAR.
ALL RIGHT.
WE'LL GO. I NEED TO KNOW...

"... IF YOU CAN CLIMB."
WE'RE STANDING ON A CAPPED LAVA TUBE. IT MIGHT EVEN STILL BE ACTIVE UNDER THE CRUST.
THE ALTAR WAS APPARENTLY USED FOR BLOOD SACRIFICES.
YEAH...
... BLOOD SACRIFICES.
I'M CERTAIN THE HOLE IN THE CAVERN CEILING LEADS TO THE SURFACE.
SKWEE
SKWEE
AT SOME POINT IT WAS PROBABLY A VENT FOR THE LAVA FLOW.
SECURE.
YOU FIRST, THEN I'LL--
WHOK!
--HNNF!

Nggh--
GGH--!
CHUP
UFF!
YOU KILLED VAN...
...DIDN'T YOU?
WHY?
THIS.
NOT EXACTLY.
I JUST DIDN'T GO OUT OF MY WAY TO SAVE HIM.
ANOTHER OBSTACLE CLEARED FROM MY PATH.
JUST LIKE YOU.

KLICK
--IT? FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, IT WAS DIFFERENT THIS TIME. AN ADULT ALREADY EXISTED. IT COCOONED THE HOST INTO PLACE FOR THE HATCHING PROCESS.
I TOLD YOU WHAT THAT WAS LIKE. I DID, DIDN'T I? THE EGG? THE EMBRYO?
GOD, HE KNEW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM. HE KNEW.
I PICKED IT UP NEXT TO YOUR DEAD GEOLOGIST. IT'S ALL HERE, EVERYTHING THE ALIENS ARE. EVERYTHING THEY COULD BE.
BIO-WEAPONS, BATMAN. THE FUTURE OF WARFARE. JUST POINT THEM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND TURN THEM LOOSE.
ALL HE COULD DO WAS WAIT.
ONCE I REALIZED WHAT WE'D STUMBLED INTO, THE REST OF THE TEAM BECAME EXPENDABLE. YOU, TOO, NOW THAT YOU'VE PROVIDED ME WITH A MEANS OF ESCAPE.
WE'LL COME BACK WITH REINFORCEMENTS, CAPTURE THE LIVE ONE. THERE ARE REWARDS FOR DELIVERING THIS KIND OF WEAPON TO THE PEOPLE I WORK FOR.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW FAR THIS WILL TAKE ME.
AND THEN THERE WERE TWO OF THEM.
YOUR AMBITION WAS WORTH THIS PRICE?
YOU CAN'T CONTROL THESE THINGS. TRYING TO PUT THEM IN ANYONE'S HANDS IS LUNACY!
WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CREW TRIED TO HUNT THEM, I IMAGINE, OF COURSE.
KA-CHIK
YEAH, THANKS FOR THE ADVICE ...
... BUT YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I IGNORE IT.
YOU'D DO THE SAME. BECAUSE YOU'D WANT TO FEEL AS THOUGH YOU HAD A CHANCE.
THAT YOU WERE DOING SOMETHING TO SAVE YOURSELF.
HYATT, BEHIND YOU!
THAT MAKES THE INEVITABLE EASIER TO ACCEPT. I WONDER--
KLICK
THAT'S A LITTLE OLD, ISN'T IT?
GOOD-BYE, BAT--


...MAN.

WHAT IS THIS?!
HYATT!
NO!
BLAM!
BLAM!
NOT GOING TO STOP ME! NOT--
--EYAAGH!
THRUTCH!

CHORGGHH!
SPRAKK!

ANOTHER EGG. THERE HAD TO BE ANOTHER...
CHORGGHH!

SLLTCH
SSS
SSS
SSSSSS
THWUDDD!
UNNF!
THE LAVA.

CHOK
HRRORRR!

SSSSSSSS
SHRIIIP
SSSSSSS
SSSSSS
SSSSSSSS

KRRSPAASH

HRROR
SPWOSSH
SPAASH
SHSSSS
UGGF?!

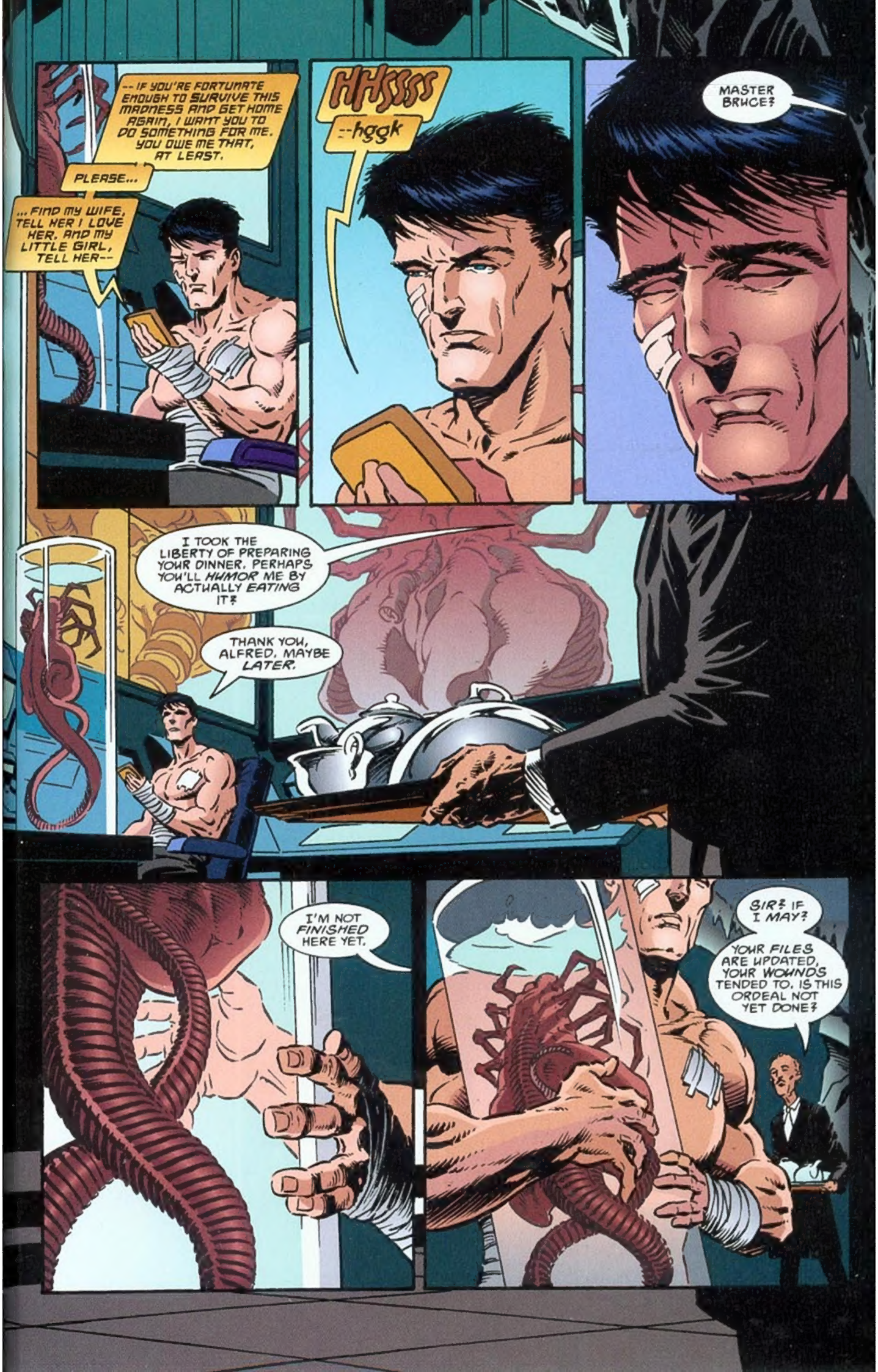
HSSSSH
SHKT
AHH!
SKWEE
HHSSSS
SKWEE
SKWEEE

SKWEE
SKWEE
SNAKT!
CHUD
HHSSS
SPSSSHH

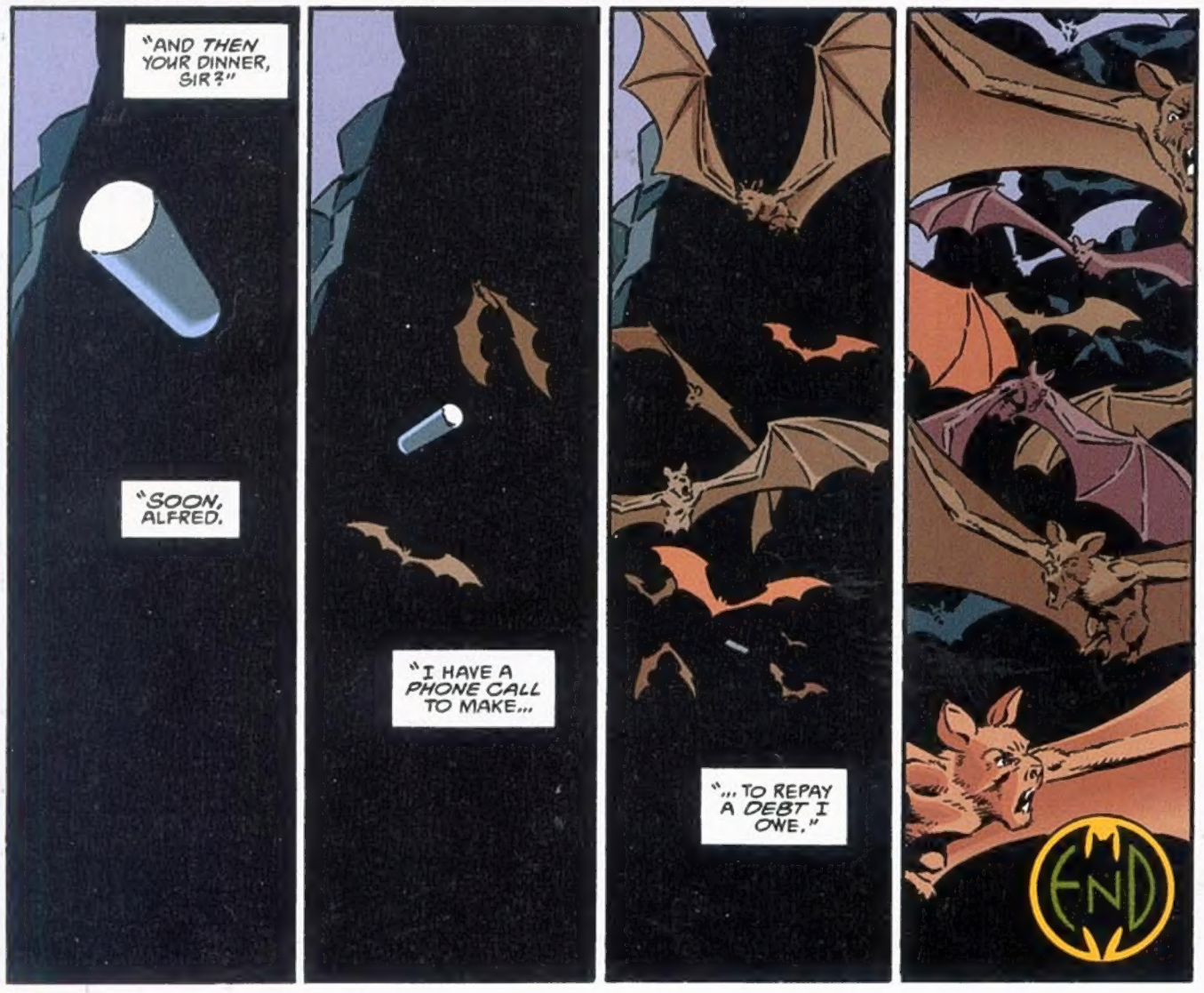
It ends.
With dawn chasing the darkness, like a parent's touch banishing a child's nightmares.
In the rose light, it seems nearly possible that all the death and madness had been only a nightmare — an imagined horror. But I know.
The spacecraft I destroyed, putting it to the torch and waiting for its fuel, whatever it might have been, to combust into a bright, second dawn.
The explosion obliterated the ship, the bodies, the entire ruin complex. Everything.
Such a waste. So much could have been learned from the ship. But how long could I have kept something so massive from the shadow-men?
No, let the ones who sent Hyatt and Sealey and the others wonder at what happened. They'll never stitch together anything close to the truth.

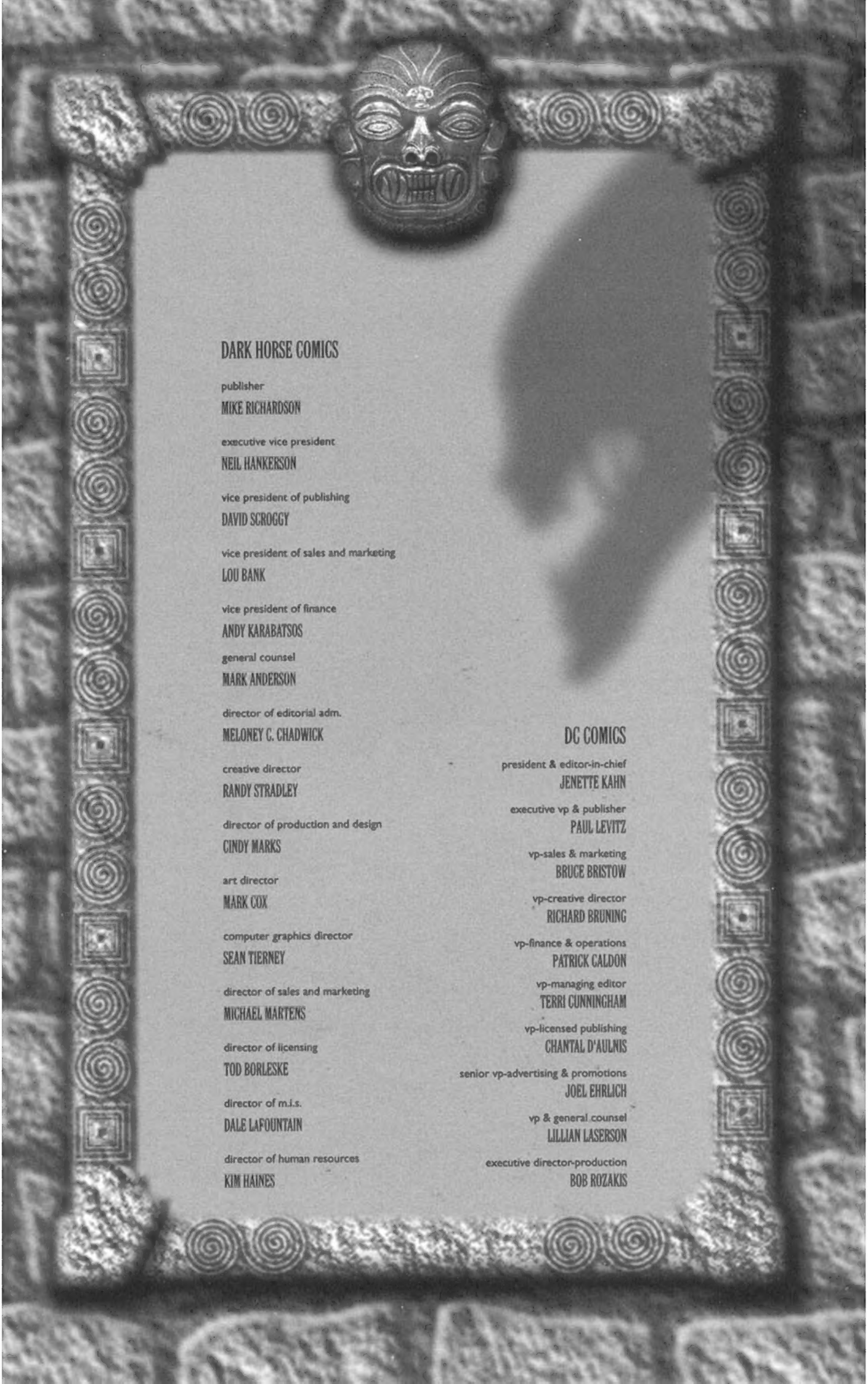
In two days I made my way through the jungle to the coast, to a fishing village in Belize.
From there I contacted Alfred and arranged for pickup in Belize City. Seven hours later, I was back in Gotham.
Home.

I am left to contemplate the ordeal. "Perfect engines of carnage," Barrett called them. But *evil*?
No.
The aliens are simply what they are. Like the shark. Or the crocodile.
Yet I did confront evil in the labyrinth beneath the ruins. The same evil I confront each night in Gotham's canyons.
Greed. Lust for power. Disregard for life.
Human evil.
Barrett was right. Destroying them was the only option. The alien physiology is far too dangerous for anyone to possess.
But not because of what they are.
Because of what *we* are.
KLIK


-- IF YOU'RE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO SURVIVE THIS MADNESS AND GET HOME AGAIN, I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME. YOU OWE ME THAT, AT LEAST.
PLEASE...
... FIND MY WIFE, TELL HER I LOVE HER, AND MY LITTLE GIRL, TELL HER--
HHSSSS
--hggk
MASTER BRUCE?
I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF PREPARING YOUR DINNER. PERHAPS YOU'LL HUMOR ME BY ACTUALLY EATING IT?
THANK YOU, ALFRED. MAYBE LATER.
I'M NOT FINISHED HERE YET.
SIR? IF I MAY?
YOUR FILES ARE UPDATED, YOUR WOUNDS TENDED TO. IS THIS ORDEAL NOT YET DONE?

NEARLY DONE...
...EXCEPT FOR THE EVIDENCE.
ANYTHING THAT PROVES IT EVER HAPPENED HAS TO BE DESTROYED...
...EVEN THIS.


"AND THEN YOUR DINNER, SIR?"
"SOON, ALFRED.
"I HAVE A PHONE CALL TO MAKE...
"...TO REPAY A DEBT I OWE."
END



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